

THE LITTLE OLDSO SHANTY ON THE CLAIM.

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I am looking rather seedy now while holding down my claim. And my rifle is not always served the best. And the mice play shyly round me as I nestle down to sleep. In my little old shanty in the West.

THE LITTLE OLDSO SHANTY ON THE CLAIM.

The blazes are of leather and the windows have no glass. While the board roof lets the howling blizzards in. And I hear the lonely coyote as he sneaks up through the grass. Round my little old shanty on the claim.

Yet I rather like the novelty of living in this way. Though my bill of fare is always rather tame; But I'm happy as a king on this land of Uncle Sam. In my little old shanty on the claim.

But when I left my eastern home a bachelor so free. To try and win my way to wealth and fame. I little thought that I'd come down to burning twisted hay. In my little old shanty on the claim.

My clothes are plastered o'er with dough, and I'm looking like a fright. And everything is scattered 'round the room. But I wouldn't give the freedom that I have out in the west. For the table of an eastern Mansard house.

Still I wish that some kind-hearted girl would pity on me take. And relieve me from the mess that I am in; The mess that I have made of this her home. And I'm glad to see the little old shanty on the claim.

And we make our fortunes on the prairies of the west. Just as happy as two lovers would remain; We'd forget the trials and the troubles which we've endured at first. In our little old shanty on the claim.

And if fates should bless us with now and then an heir. To clear our hearts with honest pride to fame; Oh, then we'd be content for the toll that we'd have spent. In our little old shanty on the claim.

When time enough has lapsed and all those little traits. To man and womanhood have grown. We don't seem half so lonely when round as we shall look. And we see the other old shanties on the claim.

THE PETROLEUM PET.

BY MELVILLE PHILIPS.

Said he: "I had witnessed the rise and fall of Pitohole, a mere episode in the marvelous history of the Pennsylvania oil regions, but far more strange and interesting than anything you could see in the mining country out west. Neither California in '59 nor Colorado of '70 could compare with our petroleum districts down to the Cherry Grove disaster of 1880, not only in the wild fever of speculation that raged, but also in the curious phases of life that were developed. The 'wild-catter' and 'moonshiner' are the most unique figures in American society.

Perhaps, if you know nothing of the process of 'striking oil,' you cannot appreciate my story. I once rode on horseback along a blazed road and descended a hill on which there was a single derrick. Three weeks later I revisited the spot, and put up at a capital hotel. The hill was planted over with derricks, standing like huge dance-caps; hundreds of rough weatherboard houses were grouped together regardless of order on either side of the creek; from pipes of various diameters, sunk everywhere in the earth to tap the natural gas, there poured forth night and day steady streams of flame, which swayed with the wind and roared like rushing water, and the air was heavy with the odor of petroleum. A month or two went by, and Pitohole was at the high tide of its prosperity. There were as many theaters as saloons, and plenty of both; churches galore round red tanks dotted the hill, and two lofty hotels were reared upon the banks of the creek. Jim Fisk honored the town with a prolonged visit, and in the bright July mornings would descend from the hotel to the cool, brackish stream, with the ladies of his suite, and waltz with the water. Then presently came the decline. The combined oil yield decreased; most of the wells sunk prod, 'dusters' day and night the earth trembled with the thunder of nitro-glycerine, exploded in the vain attempt to start the flow of oil afresh; some practical joker burned the finest hotel to the ground; the churches closed; then the theaters at last the saloons—and all was up with Pitohole. A year after I walked along the creek and came to the old site of the settlement. It made me shudder to look at the few blackened derricks and tumble-down shanties—all that were left. Here, where men grown suddenly rich had well nigh died of joy, or again, where millionaires made paupers in a day, had really broken their hearts, I sat upon a lonely 'bull-wheel' and filled my pipe. Now for the story I promised to tell you.

Garfield was a 'moonshiner' town. The famous 'Mystery' well, '649,' which had opened the Cherry Grove fields and made millions of money for its owners, bogged it. All kinds of people flocked to the town—clergymen, Chinamen and lawyers; and the genial proprietor of the Jamestown house charged \$10 for the privilege of sleeping over night on an ironing-board in his cellar. I remember it was the first day in August when, standing toward dusk on the hotel porch, which was crowded with oil mounts and speculators, I was surprised to see a young lady dismount from a carriage and trip lightly up the steps. It was a most uncommon spectacle in that place, and instantly the discordant din of voices subsided and everybody fell gallantly back to leave a passage for the new arrival. A porter followed her with a small leather trunk. She flashed her eyes all around in graceful acknowledgment, and the glance seemed so comprehensive that I am sure every man felt himself personally thanked. You could never forget her face if you saw it. The profile resembled Mary Anderson's, but there was a sinful look in the brilliant eye and freckles on her healthy skin. We all stopped talking oil for a full ten minutes and gossiped, as men will do, about this pretty girl. Who was she? Presently the proprietor came out. He mounted a chair and addressed us.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have a lady among us. She desires to stay some time at Garfield, but I have no room to give her. There are some gentlemen here who are paying handsomely for single rooms all to themselves. Will any one of these yield his room to Miss Peach and double up with a friend?" A half dozen spoke up promptly, but Sands, a handsome young broker from Warren, called out louder than the rest: "Let Miss Peach take my room, Captain."

sweet voice in the doorway. It was Miss Peach. Sands felt like a king. At dinner he ordered champagne for everybody and graciously proposed the health of the "Young lady who has come so mysteriously but like a ray of sunshine into our midst."

"I have such a desire to know something of these awful bold men you call 'moonshiners,'" she was saying. "It will be hard to introduce you to one, I fear," was the answer, coming I was surprised to hear, from Gallop, a reticent, surly man, one of the wealthiest wild-catters in the district. "Hard! Why so?" "He doesn't live long enough in his profession to make acquaintances. That loud report we heard last evening was the knell of four men. They were taking six gallons of glycerine to the iron safe in the middle of the field. All that has been discovered of them, their horse and about a half pound of flesh up a tree. The question remains, is this flesh horse or human?"

Two days passed, and I saw little of "The Peach," as she was now called; Garfield was in a frenzy, and men had not the time to think of such women. Once or twice we asked each other, curiously, "Who is she?" and "What is she here for?" One thing was noticeable—Sands had contrived to meet "The Peach" a great deal in the two days before he returned to Warren. He took her to a ball given by the oil men, and she came back charmingly enthused over the "characters" she had met there and the "local color" she had caught.

As I said, Garfield was wild. A thousand conflicting rumors were afloat concerning the discovery of new fields, which kept quotations fluctuating in the most perplexing manner. Already the report was current that the "mystery wells," which Sands and a man named Culp were sinking, had respectively turned out a "gusher" and a "duster." So the market fell and rose again. Thus matters stood on the afternoon of the third day after Miss Peach's arrival. I had just come from the woods feeling tired from my tramp, and was lounging on the porch at the time, when I heard voices above at the parlor window. One was "The Peach's."

"How jolly! I wish you would tell me more. I want to know all about 'wild-cattin'." Mr. Sands explained a great deal, and he is going to take me to his 'mystery' to-morrow. Won't you take me to yours?" "I have no mystery at present. But I would give \$10,000 to be in your place to-morrow."

"In mine! You mean Mr. Sands' place?" "Not at all. It is cupidry, not compliment. With the information I could get I might make fifty—a hundred thousand."

"Can't I bring you back the information?" She asked this laughingly, but his reply, which I could not hear, was uttered, after an interval, in such a low, earnest tone that I thought to myself there is trouble brewing for Sands. He came the following afternoon, sure enough, and took the Pet, as the scouts called her, away in a falling-top. I watched them depart, and kept my eye also upon Gallop, but he was as hard visaged and inscrutable as ever. I shall always remember the next day. It was Friday, and I was at Warren, of course, in the exchange. The brokers were frantic, screaming themselves hoarse and leaping into the air like mad men, for the scouts were sending in bushels of telegrams about, all relating to the two 'mystery' wells.

The only calm man in the town was Sands. He was selling it a rate that meant only one of two things—absolute financial ruin or the knowledge on his part that his well was a "gusher." The counteracting influence was Culp, who bought as though he were assured that his own and Sands' well were both "dusters," and consequently the new field they were working in was not prolific. Between these two the market danced wildly. Sands sold with an impetuous air of confidence. Culp bought at first with a manner no less sure, but toward the close of the afternoon session he weakened; Sands cool assurance terrified him; he became wary; tried to hedge; his followers deserted him; the startling news came that Culp's well was indeed a "duster," and the market dropped with a crash. Then it was that Sands accomplished his end. The man looked inspired. He turned quickly around and in five minutes had bought at the bottom prices to more than the full amount of his enormous sales. The exchange fairly gasped; eyed him with distrust; for a quarter of an hour all was uncertainty and pandemonium. Then came the first dispatch from Garfield, and following it dozens of others, all to the same effect. Sands' "mystery" was indeed flowing—gushing at the rate of 2,500 barrels. When the session closed he was worth several hundred thousand dollars more than he had been in the morning, and Culp with many others, was a ruined man.

I was present at the impromptu dinner given that night by Sands. He was never so clever before. We baptized him with a bottle of Clicquot, and he insisted that each guest should have a half-dozen 'dusters' placed before him. Then he dined. "Drink bumpers!" he cried, to the "Petroleum Pet," Miss Peach, "for I do not believe, gentlemen, you will long have the opportunity of drinking her health as a single lady."

Sands glanced at the ship, and leaped to his feet, all excitement. "Yes, by God!" he shouted. "Three—four—five times that much, if you will!" "Done!" said Gallop, coolly. "You witness the transaction, gentlemen. Good night."

I took Sands to his room. He had sobered wonderfully in a few minutes, and he now sat upon his bed trembling like a leaf. "Sands," said I, suddenly "where's Miss Peach?" He looked at me angrily. "What's that to you?" "Nothing at all; but it occurs to me it may be considerable to you," and I told him briefly the conversation I had overheard between her and Gallop. It pitted him very much as I told it, for his eyes were fixed in a glassy stare upon the floor.

"I left her at the well," he said, lamely. "She insisted upon staying all night to watch the flow." "Very well then," I urged; "you must stay awake and save yourself if possible. It is my opinion your 'mystery' has stopped flowing, the 'Pet' has taken the news to Gallop, and he has loaded you up on the strength of it. But you can take advantage of the exchange rate and declare the transaction off as having happened outside of sessions."

He laughed nervously. "You know I would never do that," said he. "But I think you are mistaken. The market can't change, for my well is a gusher." I know it. As for Miss Peach, she is as true as steel. Don't worry, my dear fellow; we are going to be married in a month. And now I am going to bed."

When he awoke he found himself worse than beggared. All the wealth he had won the day before was gone and he owed Gallop \$50,000—for his 'mystery' had indeed become a "duster." He hastened to Garfield. The Petroleum Pet had fled. She had returned to the Jamestown House in company with Sands' trusted scout, and together they had then left for Clarendon. There was a note for Sands, but when he read it he swore himself into a sweat, and cast the paper in tiny bits upon the wind. Gallop was simply as inscrutable as ever.

Now I drifted away from the Cherry Grove country, but returned last summer. Meanwhile, as death rattled in the throat of our President, so the town named after him had slowly but steadily perished as Pitohole had done; and when I reached Garfield that summer afternoon the hotel was closed, three of its former prominent citizens were playing euchre on the floor of an abandoned derrick, one or two wells were slowly pumping—but the grass and weeds were a foot high in the main street. Its population numbered eight.

I saw a well-dressed figure approaching me along the ordinary road. It was Sands, and he greeted me cordially. "I am delighted to hear," said I, "that you are solidly on your feet again. But what brings you here?" He colored and fidgeted about for an instant, then drew a letter from his inner pocket. "That," said he. It read: "Schloss Hotel, Heidelberg, Germany."

"Ah, Mr. Sands! Mr. Sands! why did I ever desert you! Why, especially, did I listen to the words of a rogue, and not only abandon, but as I learn, nigh ruin you! If you care for me longer, I will write again and tell you all. I am very poor and miserable, he has deserted me, and I remain here because I can live so cheaply. It is my daily habit to walk along the Philosophenweg and think of you and the 'mystery' away over there in the pine woods with the odor of oil in the air. Ah! I know you would pity me if you knew all. Come and let me tell you."

"Well," said I, quizzically, "what are you going to do, Sands?" "Business will take me abroad in week."

time. After the small sheets of paper containing two hundred printed stamps have dried enough they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water. After having been again dried, this time on little racks fanned by steam power for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of 2,000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in two; each sheet, of course, when cut, containing one hundred stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that done by machinery, which would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to another squad of workers, who perforate the paper between the stamps. Next, they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled and stored away to be sent out to the various offices when ordered. If a single stamp is torn or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred stamps is burned. Not less than 500,000 are said to be burned every week from this cause. The greatest care is taken in counting the sheet of stamps to guard against pilfering by the employees, and it is said that during the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost in this way. During the process of manufacturing the sheets are counted eleven times.

A National Cattle Trail. I have said that the annual drive from Texas will probably be from 750,000 to 1,000,000 cattle. A large proportion of these will be stock cattle—cows, heifers and young steers. Where are these cattle to be held until fit for market? At the Cattle-Growers' convention, held in St. Louis, November, 1884, the Texas cattle-growers were unanimous in advocating the creation of a national cattle trail, six miles wide, and extending from Texas to our northern boundary. The northern grazers opposed the proposed trail on the ground that the Texas cattle were infected with a disease known in the business as the Spanish fever. They asserted, and truthfully, too, that the driving of through Texas cattle along the trail would infect their herds. The Spanish fever does not injure Texas cattle; but, all native cattle, that is, all northern stock, no matter what their blood, catch the disease by grazing on the ground over which thorough Texas cattle have passed, and they generally die. Here were two parties disputing about a fact that both knew to be a fact, both earnestly endeavoring to conceal their real hopes and fears. There are territorial and state laws in force in the west that forbid the driving of through Texas cattle on to main ranges.

A NATIONAL LAW enacted for the purpose of providing a cattle trail would override these local laws, which many lawyers pronounce unconstitutional, and open the northern grazing ground to the Texas cattle. The southern stock growers want the trail created so that they can drive young steers that are strong enough to endure the severe winters of the northwest, through to the bunch and buffalo grass pastures of Wyoming and Montana in one season, and so avert overstocking their home range, which is secure from invasion of northern herds, as no native cattle can be driven on to the grazing ground of Texas and live. The Spanish fever stalks abroad there. The northern men assert and reassert that the opening of the trail would endanger their herds. They ignore the fact that the first heavy frost kills the Spanish fever, and ends all danger. They endeavor to conceal their real reason for opposing the opening of the trail, which is the danger of overstocking the northern grazing ground if the Texas men are allowed to drive their surplus young steers there. They dread having from 200,000 to 300,000 young steers annually driven north to feed on a range that they all realize will, under the present land laws, be speedily overstocked and eventually destroyed by the greed of the cattlemen.

Underlying all talk of renting the public lands, or of buying them, and of any and all schemes concerning the disposition to be made of the public domain is the determined purpose to secure the land and to place it under the control of the cattle growing associations, and then limit the number that shall be allowed to graze on it. The specter that is ever present to the northern cattlemen is overstocking. All talk of their desire to reserve the public domain is false. They desire to secure absolute possession of the range, and if they succeed they will as surely stop agricultural settlers from entering the arid belt to acquire long lying farms along the streams as if they owned the land in fee simple.

The grazing grounds of great altitudes are the GRAZING GROUNDS OF COWS. For years the trails leading from Texas to the northern ranges have been crowded with stock cattle, and the range north to be used in establishing ranches. The number of cattle in Texas is so great and so near the capacity of the land to carry, that during the decade ending in 1880 from 500,000 to 700,000 cattle, old and young, male and female, were driven from the state annually. It is fair to assume that in the past at least one-fourth of the Texas drive were females, and young females generally. Where are the cows that have been driven from the mesquite and gamma ranges of Texas during the past decade? The business of raising cattle on the northern plains is not old. It is safe to assert that at least 1,000,000 female cattle have left Texas for the northern grazing ground during the ten years past. If a suitable climate these cattle would have been alive to-day. Where are they? The bones of thousands of them lie bleaching in the wind-swept flanks of the foothills of mountain ranges; they pave the bottom of many pools; they are scattered among the pine stands below the eternal snow-drifts of the Rocky mountains; they lie in disjointed, wolf-grazed fragments on the arid, bunch-grass ranges; they are scattered over the short buffalo-grass, low-lying monuments of man's inhumanity to the dumb animals he has arrogantly assumed charge of; they have died of hunger; they have perished of thirst, when the icy breath of winter closed the streams; they have died of starvation by the tens of thousands during the season when cold storms sweep out of the north and course over the plains, burying the grass under snow. Other thousands have been frozen into solid blocks during the BLOOD-CHILLING BLEAZARDS. There has been a movement of young

cattle, steers generally, from the corn states to the plains, for several years. Many of the men who own or control Wyoming, Dakota and Montana ranges have practically abandoned the business of breeding cattle, driven out of it by the severe losses of female cattle during the winters, and now confine their attention to grazing young steers, known as "pilgrims," which they bring upon the range from eastern states. These animals are generally high-grade steers from the corn states or long-horned cattle from Texas. If the latter are bought, those that have been held over one winter in Kansas or Nebraska or Indian territory are preferred. In the past, this business has proved to be fairly remunerative, because, since it has been started, the price of beef has been high, and there has been an exceedingly severe winter on the plains. The country these cattle are held in has been in the white man's possession for but a few years. The men who have accurate knowledge of its climate can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The northern cattle growers assert that the climate is mild and winters balmy. There are a few men in the northwest who have traded in the Yellowstone valley in the winter and early spring when the Sioux occupied the land. Some of these men have told me that during some winters the snow was deep on the ground for weeks, and the cold was most intense. They said that occasionally the winters were so severe that large numbers of hardy Indian ponies died. It is a well-known fact that Indian ponies can endure a greater degree of cold than American horses, and that American horses can endure a greater degree of cold than cattle, it matters not where the latter are raised.

It is estimated that 220,000 cattle were driven or carried into Montana or Dakota during 1884. The larger portion of this stock was brought on the range to be fattened. They were young steers. It is also estimated by competent authorities that 100,000 of the 220,000 cattle that entered the far northern range during 1884 were

YOUNG NATIVE CATTLE from the corn states. The number of "through" cattle that were included in the great herd of Texans no man can tell. The Texas drover is famous throughout the arid belt for never telling the truth as to where his cattle came from. He is always willing to say that they passed the previous winter in Kansas or Nebraska, and as cold weather kills the Spanish fever, his cattle are sound, and he is not responsible for damages if the disease makes its appearance in northern herds. The truth is that a large proportion of the Texas cattle driven into Montana and Dakota during the season of 1884 were fresh from the southern range. The young cattle that are brought on to the northern grazing grounds from the agricultural states come from a land of plenty. They have been well fed and attentively watered from the day of their birth until they are sent west. They have been protected from severe winter storms. They have had intelligent and anxious care. Their instincts have been blunted by the protective care of man. These immature animals have been taken west and turned on the range to shift for themselves. They can do so in a mild winter. Last year, up to September 8, the Northern Pacific carried 68,890 young cattle from the east into Montana and western Dakota. Many thousands have been driven in, and other thousands carried in by other railroad companies. But let a hard winter come, following a wet autumn, and the grazing ground be covered with snow, and blizzard after blizzard sweep out of the frozen north in quick succession. Then how will these cattle fare? I answer, just as they did in Kansas in the winters 1871-2. They would disappear from the range. And if the winter should be as severe as some of the Indian traders told me they had seen in the Yellowstone Valley, so severe that the Indians were forced to cut cottonwood trees so that their ponies could feed on the buds and tender limbs, the toughened range cattle will be decimated before spring.

To Preserve Their Beauty. Baltimore News.

It is stated that a well known society woman in Baltimore, who preserves her beauty and freshness remarkably well, despite her many seasons' pursuit of excitement in the social whirl, attributes her good fortune to the habit of drinking a small cup of lukewarm water every day on leaving her couch. So strong is her faith in the efficacy of this remedy that its omission is sure to cause depression and languor. In speaking of this a few days ago a well known matron of Baltimore said: "I have known many ladies to be equally devoted to some article which could not possibly have benefited them except through their imagination. One lady I know has a glass of toast water placed beside her bed by her maid every morning. Another uses a half teaspoonful of tincture of cinchona in a goblet of water; still another takes a pinch of table salt into her mouth before leaving bed. Lots of ladies resort to such common articles as oranges and lemons and apolaris water, or to cool plunge baths, but the most singular freak I ever heard of was that of a Philadelphia belle, who every morning regularly gargled her throat with soap suds made of white castile soap, which she believed was absolutely necessary to the preservation of her health."

The English Rose. Boston Beacon.

Several years ago a beautiful English girl was married in Montreal to one of the handsomest Spanish gentlemen who had ever been in that city. After two years spent abroad, the lady for some cause obtained a divorce, returned to America, and until very recently gave lessons in Boston in embroidery and water colors, and lived with an old family servant in rooms on Tremont street. Two months ago she was left nearly \$50,000 by the death of an uncle in Montreal, where she now is. As she brought letters to some of our best known society ladies, she was able to earn plenty of money for her retired mode of life. It is safe to say that no handsomer face could be found in Boston than that of the "English Rose," as she was once called.

Could be Quaffed. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Yes, I know," said the hopeful son, who in turn had taken time to consider; "it's what you smelt of after coming out of the cupboard last evening."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Guaymas is suffering great inconvenience on account of the military draft for the Yaqui war. Male servants and porters have to be kept in the house and almost every morning ladies and gentlemen may be seen at the military headquarters seeking the release of faithful and favorite servants who have been so imprudent as to get within the swing of the military law. Consternation prevails among shippers. Men can not be had, or kept, if had, for unloading vessels, and whole cargoes are transferred by boys 10 to 15 years of age. Likewise in Hermosillo many of the able-bodied are "not feeling very well," and remain much indoors to avoid "the heat and burden of the day," especially the "burden."

Frank Mullin, a Philadelphia expressman, was taking a box containing two big striped hyenas to the Philadelphia Zoo the other day, when he felt a particularly warm and vigorous breath on the back of his neck. He looked around and saw that there was a big hole in the box, large enough to permit either of the beasts to escape, but which was filled by the heads of both hyenas, whose white teeth gleamed unpleasantly near his back. With a yell Frank whipped up his horses and dashed through the streets like a madman, never stopping until he reached the Zoo. There the hyenas were beaten back and the hole boarded over, but Mullin didn't entirely recover for a day or two.

A Mrs. Hampton, living in Victoria, Australia, and her four daughters were reduced to such a state of mind by reading the *Pall Mall Gazette* disclosures that they determined to commit suicide together. In accordance with a divine revelation, which one of the girls claimed to have received from God, the youngest child, aged 9 years, was held down on a bed while her mother nearly severed her head from her body. The others then made an attempt to kill themselves by cutting the veins in their arms. Finally they all fainted from the loss of blood, and were found in this condition the next morning. None of them were fatally injured.

The Victoria (B. C.) Colonist says: "Almo Pietro, a fisherman, recently caught a large and curious specimen of the finny tribe. It bears a resemblance to the skate species, and measures something over five feet in length, and from the extremities of the fins something over four feet. The back is mottled, and the tips of the fins have a pinkish hue. The eyes are small and almond-shaped, situated at the top of the head, about six inches from the snout, and back of the ears and the nostrils. The mouth is below, and similar to that of the shark. All who saw the fish were unable to tell the class name to which it belongs."

The last weekly issue of *La Minerve*, Toronto, Can., has in its obituary column a brief notice of the death of Miss. Marianne Leveille, nee St. Germain, who "fell sweetly asleep in the Lord at St. Michel de Yamaska at the advanced age of 91 years, after having given to the parish where she departed this life an example of all the Christian virtues."

The brief notice aforesaid concludes as follows: "She leaves to society 519 children and grandchildren, of whom 46 are of the fourth generation, 380 of the third generation, 83 of the second, and 9 of the first."

Eliza Harvey, an old pensioner of Trinity church, Pittsburgh, who died lately, was supposed to be penniless, but it was found that she had \$1,000 in the Dollar Savings bank. Her only son, just before going to the war, purchased for his mother one hundred bushels of coal. She received word that her son was killed in one of the first battles of the rebellion. From that moment she would not burn any of the coal, even in the most severe weather, but guarded it religiously in the cellar to the day of her death.

Joseph English, of Boston, has wasted ten and a half valuable hours in writing on a postal card the entire address of Hon. H. B. Metcalf delivered at the general convention of universities held last year in Brooklyn. The address contains 4,162 words, and Mr. English wrote them all with a steel pen, by gallop, without the aid of a magnifying glass.

In Disappointment valley, near the Gila river, Arizona, a spring broke out a couple of years ago in a place where there had previously been no signs of water. The spring continued to grow in size, until it now forms a stream a foot in depth and three feet in width, and is still growing. It is supposed that the water comes from a subterranean river.

It is rumored that a new magazine will shortly appear which will make a specialty of printing in each number an article relating to the "late war" between the north and the south. It strikes us that this is an excellent idea. We have often wondered why our magazines and weekly papers didn't print a war article now and then.—Norristown Herald.

A lady who boards in a hotel at Litchfield, Conn., was annoyed by the slamming of a window-shutter the other night. Finally, with much trouble, she located the room, entered, raised the window, fastened the shutter, and was horrified when the calm voice of a Boston drummer in the bed said: "Thank you, ma'am."

The Elko (Cal.), Independent says: "Elko is now without a minister of any denomination, and there seems to be no occasion for one, as our citizens all seem to be enjoying very good health and peace reigns within our borders. The last two experiments in that direction proved in each case to be an expensive luxury."

King Ludwig's Fairy Cave.

A writer in the *Gartenlaube* contributes an interesting article on the palaces and buildings of King Ludwig II. in the Bavarian highlands. The description given of the mysterious grotto in the Linderhof carries one in imagination to the splendors of the "Arabian Nights" caves. It is a high, spacious stalactitic cave, with many offshoots, secret niches, and obscure recesses before which you stand. From all corners, niches, and clefts of the rock—from many recesses covered with colored glass, to right, to left, above, below,—now violet, rose, red or blue, suffusing all parts with an indescribable splendor. Above all this flaming beauty a rainbow spreads its lovely light. The principal cave is about fifteen meters in diameter and ten meters high.

From the background rushes like liquid silver, glittering and breaking into spray, a beautiful waterfall, which falls in bubbling cascades down the face of the rock. It feeds a little pool, occupying three-quarters of the floor of the cave, whose clear surface reflects the blinding light with enchanting beauty. On the lake is a golden skiff covered with rose ornaments, the hinder part of which enlarges into a shell. Standing on the bow of this diminutive boat is Amor, spanning his bow. Right and left the boat is adorned with red coral. A pair of doves, whose bills are united in kisses, are shown in the act of alighting upon the left side of the boat. Two golden oars await the appearance of the mariner. Above the rock rests the bewitching siren, combining her golden, waving locks with a golden comb. On the wall of the cave, too, is Haek's beautiful picture of "Canavaro Slumbering in the Lap of Venus." There is also a mirror three and one-half meters high and two meters broad. These plates were broken in transit before this one was safely affixed to the rock. Near the place where the mirror stands a small stair with wooden rails leads to the king's nest. It is a nest some two meters in length, the back part of which is formed out of a giant shell, while roses and rushes entwine it all around. Here King Ludwig II. loves to sit and gaze at once on pictures of life, love, and beauty."

High Church and Low Church. New York Letter to the Philadelphia Record.

A queer story was told me by a Bishop of the Episcopal Church many years ago concerning the origin of this religious faction controversy. Soon after the beginning of the present century Rev. John Prentiss Kewley came from England, became a popular preacher, and was settled finally over a large congregation in Baltimore. He exhibited strong evangelical tendencies, hobnobbed with other denominations, introduced extemporaneous prayers in the service, used the surplice but little, and otherwise astonished the old-fashioned high-dry Episcopalians of the day. But he soon got a following among the clergy, and established and built up the Low Church party. His congregation idolized him, and one of the children who was named after him subsequently became Bishop of Rhode Island, viz.: the Right Rev. John Prentiss Kewley Henshaw. At last Mr. Kewley announced to his sorrowing congregation that he intended to go to Europe to pass the remainder of his days. To a brother clergyman who bade him adieu on a packet ship at New York, Mr. Kewley made a strange confession, saying that he was a member of the Society of Jesus when he came to this country, and that the Jesuit fathers had given him a mission to come here, take episcopal orders and set up a Low Church faction, and so to divide and weaken that Church. He added that he had accomplished his work, and now had orders to return to Rome. In that city Father Kewley was afterward seen and recognized in the dress of a Jesuit by several American clergymen. I give the story for what it is worth—merely adding that the Bishop who told it to me evidently accepted it as a fact.

A Hero Who Rode Into the Sea. Rajpoot Letter in the London Standard.

At Mandwa, near Bhavnagar, there is a red Mahadev stone which marks where La Gohil, the Rajpoot, rode into the sea to please his lord. The Rajah Sidhraj had visited the sea coast, and come, among other places, to Mandwa. On a certain day the waves were very violent and the sea much agitated, at which time Sidhraj had gone down to the sea shore, attended by several horsemen. The king said: "He would be a brave man who would ride 100 yards into the sea on a day like this." One of the horsemen replied: "There is no race so loyal and gallant as the Gohil. One of them might do so," but no one else would dare to do so. Another answered: "The Gohil race is brave in talk, but their bravery shows itself by boasting in the market place; there is no Rajpoot who would throw away his life for such a challenge." On learning this La Gohil placed his hand on his mustache, bade them farewell, and urged his horse into the ocean, where they were quickly overwhelmed.

A Cat Dentist.

A singular sight was witnessed in a house on Harris street one day last week, where lives a cat and a large-sized kitten. The two felines were noticed together on the floor, acting rather strangely, the big cat appearing to have the little one down and examining her head. At length both mother and kitten jumped up on the window-sill, and the former placing one paw on the latter's head, as if holding it in position, commenced to strike the kitten on the mouth with the other paw. This operation was kept up for some time, when the two appeared to be satisfied, and went off to sleep. Shortly afterward the floor was swept and a decayed tooth was found under the window where the queer performance was carried on. As the tooth belonged to a cat, it is safe enough to presume that a sagacious mother enacted the role of a dentist for the time being, and extracted the aching tooth from the mouth of her suffering offspring.

Other States Want Bloodhounds. Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

The Georgia bloodhound has come into prominence since the capture of one of them by Toby Jackson. The press far and wide have commenced on the noble brute. Keeper Towns, of the penitentiary, has received letters from the San Francisco penitentiary and from the famous Illinois penitentiary, at Joliet, making inquiries as to how bloods may be had, at what cost, and where they may be kept. Mr. Towns turned the letter over to Mr. James, one of the convict bosses, who says he is going largely into raising hounds. The last grand jury in Barto county recommended the keeping of a pack of hounds by the county. This is in keeping with a suggestion made by an experienced gentleman, who says that every county ought to have a pack to trace robbers of barns, corn cribs, and other buildings. As soon as a robbery is discovered, take a pack of dogs to the place of the crime, and the dogs will strike the trail of the last persons there nine times out of ten.

The Evidence of Things Not Seen. Boston Transcript.

"What is spirit, papa?" asked a little boy just from Sunday school. "A spirit, my boy," replied the father, after much cogitation, "is something which can preserve, but can not see."